

I'd Buy That For A Dollar
Issue #15. May 2,000.



"Well, at least we *tried* to clean the carpets."

So...:

I did it. I finally did it. In the course of a couple of weeks I packed everything up, cleaned the whole fuckin' house, paid the final bills (or at least most of them), told the other roommates to get the fuck out, helped load the U-Haul (with Pat & "Angry Man" Josh & The Ramen City Kid), continued the painful buisness of saying goodbye to everyone (still finishing up that one) and finally had Brad hand-deliver the quivering and shaking remains that used to be me to the front door of my new house here in Portland, Oregon to await whatever it was that existed inside.

I was scared. I was nervous. I was out of money. I was completely unsure weather or not I was even at the right house.

But I finally did it.

I'd been talking about it for a while. Before that the idea to move really didn't "hit me" as other people say it always does. Whenever I thought about moving from Eugene before, I imagined some kind of Cometbusian style adventure. First, I'd get fired from my job and for some reason I'd say the wrong thing to a friend at a party that night and my friends would all start hating me (or continue to, as the case may be). Trying to find solice in my girlfriend, she'd reveal the horrible secret that her ex was the large man I'd personally insulted in Medford back while I was in the old band, and she accidentally let slip who I was and now this beohemoth was out to settle the score. In one final fail swoop of self-preservation I'd sell everything I owned, set fire to the Blitzhaus and take the remaining bag of belongings with me on the next bus to Portland where I could, hopefully, hide out for a while until I could start rebuilding from the ground up.

The reality of moving is never that simple. At times I considered doing that, though.

The truth is the idea crept up on me in such a way that when I finally decided that moving was what I wanted to do, every time I looked around me it only made more and more sense. There was a time when I told myself I'd never leave Eugene no matter what happened. Now all the reasons that used to keep me in town seemed rough around the edges and looked like they'd been through the wash a few times. Sometimes we can't see the forest through the trees, fill in the blank with every known cliché in the book. Bottom line: it was time to leave and I had far-overstayed my welcome.

The actual getting out of Eugene was the least-easy part. There was a full month and a half of planning, followed by little if any actual follow up on the plans we'd made that entire time. Next there was a sort of mad scramble-flurry of arms and legs and heads trying to get everything done, followed by a sort of hopeless dread that whatever it was that didn't get done with somehow work itself out in the end without us loosing too much money of that many limbs. (Little did we know that it all did, eventually.)

From the time I started the first preparations for getting ready to move, from the point Brad dropped off as the delerious and confused person that I'm told I was the day I got here, almost two months had passed. I could barely remember who I was let alone what I thought life in Portland was going to be like. Scary? Overwhelming? Impossible to relate to? Difficult to mesh myself into the fine grooves that had already been worn in by the people who already lived here already? Much like a needle of a record player that, when set down on the record, can't seem to find where it's supposed to go and makes a lot of static noise? What was this town gonna be like?

It turned out that I was dissappointed. For all I thought Portland was going to be different than Eugene, I was dumbfounded to discover that NOTHING HAD CHANGED.

Not a god damned thing.

For all the work I did to get here, this news was shocking to say the least. I couldn't believe it! Another one of those moments in life where your idea of what was supposed to happen was shattered into a thousand pieces. I expected this to be the "big city." I expected my job to suck worse than normal. I expected the girls to be completely different in some unfathomable way I had yet to experience. For some reason I thought I'd be constantly fighting (more that normal) for food and shelter and getting the bills paid on time would be some sort of Herculean effort that I wasn't sure I'd be able to accomplish (thus having to concede to whatever it was that Zeus / Landlord wanted of me). I expected some sort of change in *something*.

But nothing changed.

It's like that really fucked up Violent Femmes song "Machine" on New Times (the one that sounds like they dropped a bunch of acid and grabbed any available synthesizers and just went to town, and when they came down they mixed what they had and said, "There... it's done... whaddaya think?"). He says, "I built a machine / and I took over the world / in one weekend / but nothing changed." Here I was, expecting this move to Portland to be a life-changing event that I would rememeber for years to come which would, effectively, close one chapter of the story of my life and open a new one.

Instead I got the same comfortable routine I remember from Eugene:

Wake up. Make some coffee and some food. Sometimes I'll need something stronger I'll put on some Slayer or Nation Of Ulysess to get the fluids flowing. A little writing, a little reading, bullshit with the roomies then I'm off to work where I give myself up to the man for about eight hours or so. Come home, fuck around with the roomies or visiting friends some more while I drink some beer, then repeat until I have some days off. [On my days off I generally do some reading & writing, flirting with girls (if I can find any that are receptive to it... very rarely do I succeed) and more drinking, with a movie or some TV thrown in for good measure. Sometimes I buy some new records or 'zines. A lot of the times I answer mail while listening to records and work on this damn thing.]

I even stay in contact with and hang out with the EXACT SAME PEOPLE I did when I was in Eugene. How completely, utterly, without-a-doubt *identicle* to the routine I just *left behind!*

I think I'm gonna like Portland after all.

-- Austin Rich (5/22/00)

All layouts, cover arrangements, Photos, collage material throughout the issue and text by Austin Rich...

Except: Occasional quoted ...*And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead* lyrics and "Are We Not Men? We Are Jesus Freaks" by Madame Freakazoid.

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Please direct Submissions, Back Issue Orders (1 - 5, 7 - 14 still available), Mailing List Additions, Requests for Free Catalogs, silly bullshit emo ramblings in the vein of what's within these pages to the address below:

I'd Buy That For A Dollar c/o A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Publishing, 514 NE Stanton #2, Portland, OR 97212

And for the wired twenty-somethings out there, I guarentee a prompt responce from my newbie e-mail address:

blitzhaus@hotmail.com

Eight hours of numbness and it's over. I'm back in reality. Whatever that is.

Or is this reality? Is eight hours of reminding myself that what I'm doing is for a reason, is that reality?

Eight hours of trying to forget I have no control over what happens for eight hours.

Work.

Eight hours of nothing to interact with but stupidity and thoughts. Ideas that are lost the moment they're conceived because they will not be committed to paper because I'm at work.

Eight hours of numbness. Eight hours of pushing myself to continue working even though my brain says I should be home doing anything but these pointless tasks. Myth of Sisyphus. Keep putting the books on the shelf. They'll just come right back off when I finish. Keep alphabetizing. The A's are messed up when I get to the Z's. It never ends. Pointless tasks, running to and fro like a rat.

Except a rat would be a little happier.

Why do I even bother? The paycheck that goes to my bills the second I get it. Is it the satisfaction that when I sleep at night I earned it? The realization that when I get drunk at the end of the day I deserve it?

I try to forget it, forget the numbness. Forget reality. It's not worth it.

I over compensated for the weather, so the walk home is sweltering. Too hot. Sweat pours off of me as I punch the play button on my Walkman. *Daydream Nation*. I blink and let it wash over me. This album will always be important to me. This album will always spell out a certain mindset and attitude of...

What? Frustration? Confusion? Disillusionment with what I thought my life would turn out like? Is that the image that's triggered in my mind?

Right now my mind can only think of getting home, drinking a beer, taking my shoes off and forgetting the numbness. Forgetting reality.

I push myself home as fast as I can and I'm reminded of work again.

Everything goes into slow motion when I hit her block. I find myself turning the volume down slowly as I walk past her house. I glance at the windows and it strikes me that it might look like I'm checking the house out, so I glance away. I wonder if she's even back yet. I wonder why I care so god damned much.

Should I care? Should I try to ignore the fact that deep down in my head something about her triggers ideas and thought and feelings and images that I haven't experienced before? It pangs of High School, but without the overwhelming feeling that everything is completely hopeless and that I should kill myself.

Something like that.

I notice the volume turn up and pace quickens when I'm past her house and it's out of eyesight.

This can't be normal behavior.

I glance at the moon that's peering out from behind the clouds and for a split second the music and the sky and the feeling of an industrial accident looming over me about ready to take me to the hospital all makes sense, and I stop dead in the sidewalk.

I take a few deep breaths.

Am I back in reality?

Where am I?

When did I come to this place?

Why am I here?

How did I get here?

What just happened?

Is this real, to live in an unfamiliar town in a house that doesn't fit right like that denim jacket I still have that my mom got me when I thought I liked that kind of music? Is this reality when I work in a job that seems so strange, to work for money that when I use it to buy beer it seems like a Xerox copy of a bad picture out of magazine more than it seems like a form of currency?

Is any of this real?

Does it matter?

For one split moment it all came to a head. Crystal clarity. Every loose thread tightened and the cameras came into focus. All the roads of all the things that were going on met and collided in an explosion of complete and utter beauty. Each question and concern and confusion suddenly playing off each other in a painting of a tapestry of a mirror reflection of a majestic landscape on a far away planet. Completely perfect in every detail. Completely unrecognizable as anything sensical.

Then it all sped off to be lost forever.

Was there a commonality? Is it even worth perusing?

I come home to roommates who all want to show or tell me something and all I can think of is escape. Escape from reality. Escape from all of this even if it feels comfortable or right or wrong or at all. If all of this is real, then what does that make what happened before? What's the point?

The feelings of confusion settle back in their regular place and I'm reminded of a thousand other nights of my life where I tried to put everything together. It's only really the setting that's changed. The big pieces are still immobile and the small pieces are still trying to decipher what the picture they're supposed to be a part of is. It's my job to feel comfortable about that, not to try to put everything together.

I crack a beer and take my shoes off. "Candle" plays in the background. Nostalgia. For what? I don't even remember when this album came out. I was probably still listening to Bon Jovi then. Maybe, if I cut myself some slack, the Doors. The beer tastes different in Portland for some reason. Or does it?

The feelings the songs evoke are amorphous. It's not nostalgia. Acceptance?

Hard to say. I try to not think about it, but instead let it all wash over me. It will make more sense in the morning, I imagine. It always does.

3/12/00

**OBSESSIVE/
COMPULSIVE:**

Repetitive behaviors or mental acts
(e.g., performing magic, killing) that the person feels
driven to perform in response to an obsession.

REFERENCE GUIDE TO MENTAL DISORDERS

Same.

Same.

Same.

Déjà Vu All Over Again?

Same. Same.

SUDDENLY THERE'S AN EXPLOSION IN YOUR HEAD.

This is a collection of journal entries and show reviews I wrote while I was still living in Eugene that were all meant for these pages and have been delayed for one reason or another (mostly having to do with my own sloth). I think most of it is timeless enough to still be relevant but at the same time specific enough to be important and meaningful to me.

I just re-read the whole schmere and cut out all the crap, so this should be more of the same kind of stuff you always find in these pages, which may or may not thrill you depending on your point of view. I've even broken it all down into sections and titled everything and put it in chronological order to boot! Select the pieces that most fit your mood and read on! It's a fun game you can play at home! No purchases necessary see rules for details:

Jello Biafra.

This was the first show I've ever attended alone in my life. I'd missed the last time Jello was in town and decided I wasn't going to miss this time for any reason. Fortunately my boss understood and gave me the time off.

Now, I'm not an expert on his spoken word but I've heard "Valley Of The Gift Police" and I'd just recently played a bit on my radio show he did for an anti-racism CD about Mumia Abu Jamal, so I was ready to hear him speak his mind. I made an embarrassing trek to the show alone in one of my suits I had recently obtained and sat around feeling slightly uncomfortable about not having gone with anyone.

Jello came out and did his thing. I was impressed. I was aware that he was very long-winded and sometimes seemed a proponent of the, "here's all the problems but I have no solutions," mind set, but after seeing him in person I was really impressed. He did some standard stuff. The, "Stay in your homes," bit, then a new version of, "Why I'm Glad The Space Shuttle Blew Up," (he added a bit about a satellite NASA launched that was carrying a whole bunch of Plutonium... you'll just have to hear it yourself), the same piece on Mumia (slightly changed but essentially the same) and several other pieces I'd heard before. (Now that I own all the albums having purchased them since the show I have a little more insight on what I heard that night.) There was even some point in the show where he made fun of militant vegan Crass punks which was great because I've always thought the dumbest thing in the world was to be so violently to the left that you get pissed when people aren't as left as you are. Odd that the more left you get the more right you sound. Then there was a break (at which point I found Kris Leighty and bantered a bit with him and didn't feel too bad about having gone alone).

The second half of the show started with someone throwing a "Tinky Winky" doll at Jello (that's the gay Teletubbie for you unwashed masses) and after a couple of jokes Jello made about Tinky Winky trying to get into Jello's pants, he stuck the doll in his pants pocket with the head sticking out for all to see (slightly distracting at first but very, very funny). Then he went on to his, "Talk On Censorship," which has always been the more lengthy segments of his spoken word pieces, but this time he ended it with a piece called, "Wake Up And Smell The Noise," which I thought really brought the whole thing full circle. This time, he spent a good portion of the show talking about what was wrong with the US, then ended by making some suggestions about what we should do to try and fix things. I was really impressed. I'm not 100% political all the time but after the show I really felt like I could make a difference if I needed to.

I walked home alone that night in silent contemplation, only half annoyed that he'd said something about people wearing suits.

5/9/99. 8:39 A.M. Blitzhäus.

I had a dream this morning that I had dropped out of high school & never graduated, and finally went back to school now. There were all these kids from when I was in school that I started freaking out. It was weird.

Why is it that if girls actually like me I can't get into them, but if they don't I obsess? Maybe the I-Want-What-I-Can't-Have syndrome we all share? Sigh.

6/8/99. 9:40 P.M. Bar.

Some time to think alone. Hmm. Is that possible? Can you really be "alone?" People surround me everywhere I go. Stupid fucking idiots that want so much shit from me. Even when I isolate myself from other people they infect my life somehow. Frustrating. Oh well. The one or two cool people I run into each day make up for it.

There must be something wrong with me if I find myself thinking about girls I know I have no chance with. Why? What is it about just-out-of-reach that is so attractive?

The other day was magic. Pat & Angie & JesseRansomJesseRanson and the whole crew at Damien & Ching's house. Fuck everything, man. This is what life is about. It's about late-night drinking & pop punk & friendship and everything else going straight to hell. This is my time. I'll milk every single second if I have to. I need to, for Christ's sake.

Chris gets back tonight. I missed him so much my eyes are already welling up. This is gonna be a long night. Good thing I don't work tomorrow.

Bell, Limp, The Donnas

Okay, this is it. The legendary show I'm practically told everyone all about all ready. One thing I always forget to tell is the beginning: This was the show that almost didn't happen. Getting the day off from work was a bitch, and then I couldn't get the day after the show off (the day I really actually needed off). This meant that I had to leave the show immediately after the Donnas finished and go straight to bed if I wanted six hours of sleep before a 10-hour day at the Bookstore. Great. Just perfect. Should I even bother to go?

Eventually I talked myself into it (having already bought a ticket) and made the second trek to a show alone in my entire life. It was creepy. Here I was, already dreading the show because of work related consequences, hopelessly drenched in girl issues, and now I was going to walk down to the WOW Hall alone to watch a bunch of beautiful punky girls walk around in front of me as I become more and more aware of the fact that I have no chance in hell with any of them even if I could approach them, which I couldn't because I had to work early the next day.

Sure. Why not go? I took a deep breath and made my way down.

There was this really cute punky girl that I saw almost immediately, and she ended up being in Bell, who were really good and reminded me a bit of The Gits. I need to check out their stuff, but of course I haven't seen anything for sale since the show. Next, Limp took the stage and they were really good. I really get off on that Pop-Punk stuff, and they did a Boston (?) cover that really sounded great.

I know that most people hate pop punk and my response to them is a swift kick in the crotch and a fuck-you because pop punk is the most perfect form of music, period. You've got the catchy songs, the lyrics you can relate to, and (as if that wasn't enough) the crunchy guitars and the fast pace that makes you want to jump, jump, jump and bounce off the walls. Anyone who says they are a punk but doesn't like pop punk can kiss my ass because they are missing out on some of the best music around. I guess that means more for me, so there.

Anyway, The Donnas finally took the stage I was entranced by two people at this point. One was the bass player, who not only had the courage to wear a skin-tight blue T-shirt that read, "Blue Ballz," across her breasts (to quote FOX or UPN, "DAAAAAAAAAMN, GIRL!") but also popped off some damn good basslines, which being a bass player myself was really cool. The second was the really gorgeous girl in the crowd. The night is so blurry I can't even remember what she was wearing, but I remember that I was instantly enamored and wanted to talk to her. Sadly, work kept intruding on this line of thinking so I decided that I if I couldn't talk to her I would at least make my way over near her and dance next to her in an attempt to get a better look. Hey, if I did have to go to bed early that night I was at least going to get some eye candy in first.

(For those who are about to jump on my case because I've told them I don't dance: all right, I do dance. To the Donnas. And Man... Or Astro-Man? And Mondale. And anything that rocks like that. And that's about it. If we go to a club where they are playing that kind of music then, yes, I will dance. Nowhere in the above description does Flock Of Seagulls or Wall Of Voodoo or that '80's shit they used to play at The Arena end up. Sorry, but that's the

way it is. End of subject.)

The Donnas ruled (as you might expect them to, which I did, so I was happy) and they played enough songs that I recognized that I didn't feel like to much of a chump, seeing how I didn't really have any of their albums yet and had only heard they from KWVA. As I was about to leave, discouraged that I was about to spend yet another night alone in what was becoming a particularly long string of nights alone, the girl I was dancing near asked me if there were any cool bars around town.

Pause. Trainwreck in my head. I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what to say. I couldn't tell if I had heard her correctly. The gears slowly started to turn again after the question was posed, but I still didn't know what to say so I started stuttering a bit (not so much that you would notice unless you happened to be me, who was very conscious of this fact). What do you say in a case like that? I started mumbling and explained that the Vets Club was probably the coolest place in town. She asked where it was and I stuttered out a vague and poor description of how to get there. Eventually all the cards were out on the table, "Why don't you show us?" Us being her and her two friends.

Okay, let me re-iterate for those who have been keeping score: I have never, ever, consider this a really big negative, not in my life had a girl come up to me. Ever.

Period.

Here I was, particularly distraught about the nature of my being and the ever-present quandary that exists between myself and the universal reality of girls in said reality.

And here I was, surrounded by a large quantity of cute girls that were just torturing me savagely, over and over, again and again, like some sort of mechanical ball peen hammer pounding a meat thermometer into my ear.

And then one particularly savage girl that I'd seen this evening was now asking me to take her to the Vet's Club.

And Let's not forget the fact that I had to get up exceptionally early the next day to get to work on time.

The bottom fell out of my mind. My veins were tying knots around each other and the rest of me was beginning to think I'd just dropped a bunch of acid.

"Okay."

We hit Vet's and had several drinks and talked about music. When Vets closed she asked about another bar I mentioned Max's, where we trekked off toward and had even more drinks and talked some more. When Max's closed we had an unusual encounter with a drunk guy who wasn't quite sure what state he was in and was still looking for work (apparently). Then, our craving for entertainment still not being sated caused us to crash some party where some local band was playing to some friends (mostly covers... David Bowie I think). At first I was nervous about the party but then they offered us more beer so I relaxed a bit and just stared at this girl who was making me defy all reason and logic.

We began the migratory walk back to the Blitzhäus that I've done a million times before and I was sure I was loosing my mind. They all came in and asked for water and somehow we exchanged numbers and then it happened: she kissed me. Twice! They said their good-byes but by then the damage was done. The next day I didn't even mind that I was still drunk and puked a few times during work. I had met HER for the first time, and everything seemed to change after that.

7/14/99. 5:20 P.M. Laundromat

How can someone I spent so little time with drive me fucking crazy? It's not just the few meaningful glances we shared or the goodbye kiss. It's more than that. So much more.

It never happens like that. I never meet girls, let alone pretty girls. To top it off, a pretty smart & funny girl with good taste who I met at a show who drive me absolutely nuts because she came to me. Could it be more insane?

I don't know what I want from her. But she is turning me on to no end.

7/19/99. 10:15 A.M. Pioneer Square (Portland). ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Thoughts.

Musings about P-Town:

The percentage of pretty girls here is amazingly high. I mean it is just ridiculous. Totally unfair. And, of course, all the guys here are amazingly hip, well groomed and easily capable of making a move on any of the girls here. Dating in this town must be hell.

"This is a riot, right? / So let's riot, RIOT! / Let's tear this place to shit, commit pact suicide."

Every building everywhere seems extremely important. Signs look expensive. I wouldn't be surprised if the nicest building 'round here had an ornate sign that read, "Fecal Matter, Unlimited."

Yuppie Couple:

"Oh look honey, they opened another Fecal Matter Store at the square. I've been meaning to get some designer blue shit for the den."

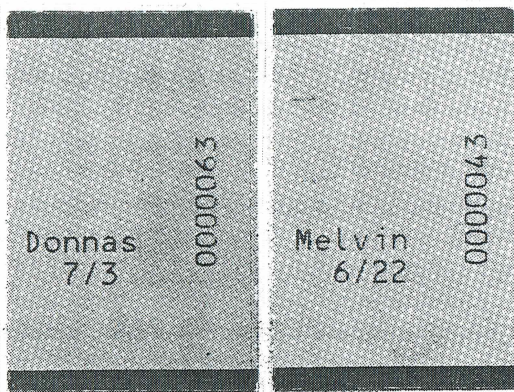
"Okay Helen, but make sure you buy locally produced poop. Remember, we have to keep supporting the little guys that helped build the Lexus and Mansion we own."

Sigh.

After a while all people look the same here.

"Put your hand on my mouth / and a gun to my head. / Let's stop this false pretense / become REAL friends."

Everyone is actually two things in this town. They're what they are at work and then what they aspire to be outside of work. "I'm a Baker AND an artist." "I'm in Marketing AND I'm a songwriter." "I'm in Shit Sales AND I'm an alcoholic." "I'm a professional criminal AND when I'm not at the office I rob people at gun point. I like to spread my misery equally." The sad part is that there is no division. You really can be a 9-5 yuppie and a musician and still make it to all the parties. They must put speed in the water here because even if I had the money there aren't that many hours in the day.



Dillinger Escape Plain, Mr. Bungle.

The trek to see Bungle was a haphazardly thrown together ordeal that, fortunately, actually worked out in the long run. After a lot of bullshit that caused me to miss Negativland (which I am still bitter over) I ended up in Portland with a day or so 'til Bungle. After a pleasant afternoon spent drinking and shopping with The Defense Lawyer, we capped off the evening listening to records and bantering about music at her place. The next day we said our good-byes and with even yet still more time to kill until the show, I spent the day shopping and eating and reading until disaster struck: my debit card was declined. Very anxious to buy the Beckett books I had found I stupidly paid for them in cash and then set out to find an ATM to determine what was wrong with the card.

Of course, as I found out when I got to the ATM, I was out of money. Somehow I had miscalculated my available funds. I cursed myself for desperately using the last of my cash on those plays. After spending a good deal

of the day digging for change and trying to figure out what to do (without a clue as to how to get back to Eugene for work the next day not having a bus ticket or anything) I made a call through to Pat, who told me to come on over to his place. I didn't mention my dilemma to him not wanting to burden him, and using my last bit of change to catch the Sandy bus to his pad, I confidently walked into his house knowing that everything would be taken care of now that I was on my way to Pat's house.

We started off with some Brass Monkey's and I gave him the lowdown, and after Angie showed up we caught a ride over to Brad's house (a friend of Pat's). There Brad and his friends offered me a large quantity of free alcohol and we listening to the new Bungle album (oh, yes, they were doing a show that night, weren't they?). After that we made our way down to the Max stop (first detouring at Wendy's which they kindly sprung for) and rode on downtown, where we walked into the Roseland sufficiently blasted and with only minutes to spare before Dillenger Escape Plan began.

Fuck transportation problems, the show was starting.

They were good. As far as speed metal is concerned I'm not an expert, but they were fun to watch and were very quick and to the point. Had I any money to spare I would have picked up a CD if that says anything. After they finished I saw Kiisu and Captain Morgan, and I dove in and out of the crowd to get up near the stage where they were. We bantered a bit and not only did the Captain offer to pay for a return bus ticket if need be, but Ellen (a friend of Jon's who was with Kiisu & the Cap'n) agreed to drive me back to Eugene after the show! Bonus! No more worries.

Eventually the main show started after a large crew setup the stage with lots of Hawaiian gear, and then the band came out all dressed in Hawaiian shirts and baseball caps. The set was amazing. For those who have never seen a Bungle show you'll understand why words fail me. I had never seen them before having been snowed out of the last show they put on that was within driving distance, so this time I was amazed that I'd even gotten there. They played a mix of old and new stuff (including a hip-hop / remix style version of "My Ass Is On Fire") and managed to handle the audience of assholes like pros.

(The best moment was when some guy tried to get on stage and steal the keyboard Mike Patton was using. Mike tried to swing at him while not missing a beat of "Travolta" and as the guy fell into the crowd Mike was bent over trying to get at this guy like a vulture. Eventually he pointed to some audience members and the guy suddenly disappeared. I didn't see him the rest of the show. Now that's audience dedication! Another great moment was when Mike belted out a flawless version of a Sammy Davis Jr. song that, of course, I don't know the title of because I don't know Sammy that well. The entire show I'd been trying to just dance since most of the new songs are kind of mellow numbers, and this song was perfect but, of course, everyone else was moshing. Puh-leeze! At the end of the song Mike quips, "Stage diving to Sammy Davis Jr.? What is this world coming to!")

Unfortunately, the show ended on a down note for me. After a non-stop set of great songs (and an encore no less) they decided to end the show with a brilliant version of "Merry Go Bye-Bye." The only problem is that I've always interpreted that song as the, "fuck you audience I don't like you and I don't need you and I wish you'd stop coming to my shows," song and the ironic smile and wave goodbye he gave afterward kind of made me a little upset. Not that I have any room to complain, really, because I'd just been treated to an almost two hour set of great material by accomplished musicians (and I sincerely mean that). But there was something unsettling about seeing one of my favorite artists kind of flip me off personally before ending the show. Oh well, I guess if I were him I'd flip me off too.

After the show we piled into Ellen's car with Kiisu driving. We had to make a couple of stops around town first, but before too long we were on I-5 and making our way back to Eugene. Fortunately for me my house hadn't burned down in my absence (you laugh now but you don't realize how much of a possibility this was.)

Enemy Mine, Melvins. (I can't quite remember if this was when this happened, but fuck it, this works.)

Remember heavy metal shows? Remember lying to your parents so you could sneak away with your friends to see the show two towns away? Remember getting stoned in the back of the station wagon listening to Black Sabbath on eight track? Remember drinking a six pack with two other guys in the alley next to the venue? Remember air guitar, head banging, denim jackets and long, LONG black hair?

Me neither. That's because I wasn't cool enough to like heavy metal when I was a kid. I liked what my mom liked, which was what I politely call lite metal: Poison, Bon Jovi, Whitesnake, Robert Palmer, Skid Row, that kind of stuff. While the really cool kids in school were listening to Slayer and the like, I rocked out to New Jersey (taped from my mom's copy) and thought, "So this is rock and roll! Yeah!"

As I got older and discovered my own music that wasn't my parents, I slowly began the road to appreciating heavy metal. It wasn't easy because there was a huge stigma. Some early childhood trauma (probably that time I was sentenced to ISS [In School Suspension] and some guy started teasing me because I didn't like Iron Maiden) had prevented me from liking anything even associated with that genre, be it good or bad. It wasn't until the last few years with the discovery of KARP and the Melvins and godheadSilo that I really understood that there was metal that you could not be embarrassed to like. In fact, you could love it and your friends wouldn't make fun of you!

I had just discovered Enemy Mine (coincidentally made up of the bass player from godheadSilo and two other guys) and the new Melvins album had just came out (which is really fuckin' good and it's on Ipecac Records, Mike Patton's personal label and home of Fantômas, the band I rave on and on about), so when I heard they were playing I rounded up the Lord Of Darkness (writer of the greatest metal song ever written, "Metal Masterpiece,") and Captain Morgan, who had diligently decided to be my teacher and mentor in my Metal-ucation. The day of the show we walked down to the W.O.W. Hall and patiently waited for the rock to begin.

And rock it did. Enemy Mine (Two basses and drums) blew my fuckin' minds and left the people I mentioned in paragraph one confused and frustrated. They weren't used to skinny kids with short hair rockin' hard, then making fun of standard metal. Between songs they would joke saying, "Nugs... nuggets," only to finish the joke a few songs later with, "Nugs... nuggets... Chicken McNuggets." (All of course whispered to create the illusion that you really were on 13th street being offered drugs.) But the best moment of the show was when the singer climbed on top of his amp and made a minuscule hop off of it (in a most un-rock like way) at the end of the song. Then, to the other bass player, he said, "Dude, I jumped off my amp!" and immediately launched into a short song that I will assume is titled the same as the only words in it were: "I Jumped Off My Amp!" These guys are a definite must.

Then the Melvins came out, and that's when the slo-mo head banging started. I'm not sure if you guys are familiar with this phenomena, but when slow grinding metal is played (a style perfected by bands like the Melvins) it breeds these weird hippy-metalheads with dreadlocks that stink. They do this slow motion head banging movement thing. I saw it when I saw Neurosis and the Melvins fans came out in droves to do the same dance here. It was kind of annoying but after a while I tuned it out and just watched the show.

Okay, here's the straight dope: they were good. They played a lot of stuff from their new albums, which pissed some people off because the new stuff isn't as much their standard metal style as it is more influenced by the Fantômas stuff Buzz had been playing recently. Not that it was that weird or off the wall, but you could tell that they were more or less tired of mining the metal vein and were looking in other areas for entertainment.

The peak of the evening was definitely when they played a note for note cover of "Youth Of America" by the Wipers. Having resigned myself to the fact that I will never see the Wipers live I was instantly mesmerized by the fact that they were not only doing a Wipers song, but that they were doing "Youth Of America," one of my favorite Wipers songs ever. AND THEY DIDN'T RUIN IT! Congratulations, Melvins! Another great highlight was when they played a fade out on a song. I hate fade-outs on albums, but when you all slowly play quieter and quieter until you aren't making any more noise LIVE, to quote Peti, "Well, that is something."

After a very avant garde ending to their set (which was really odd considering they played what I considered very accessible songs for most of the night) I began mentally picking out songs for my radio show, which was only a few hours away. Captain Morgan accompanied me and together we continued rocking Eugene well after the Melvins were packed up and asleep in their cozy motel rooms.

8/7/99. 1:58 A.M. Blitzhäus.

You don't know lonely until you've reached out to touch a person you care about and have her look at you like you're crazy. We could be as close as possible and it still feels like I'm looking at her with a telescope. We both agree about how we feel about each other but every time I look at her she looks back at me like she'd rather be someplace else.

I put my hand on her knee and I stroke her gently to show her I'm thinking about her, but when our eyes meet it's not in understanding but in confusion. What does it take? Thinking about her turns me on and drives me crazy until I want to scream. Why does she say she feels the same way then gets pissed at me for showing it?

Blitzhäus. 9:22 P.M. 8/16/99

It's the end of the World tomorrow!

Two Dreams:

(1) I had a Vespa & I decided to drive to my dad's house, which for some reason was in Oakridge. When I got there I ate dinner and really didn't want to be there.

(2) The scab on my arm was a doorway for disease to come and go from my body.

9/24/99. 11:21 A.M. Blitzhäus.

Getting mail is like my own little reward; I love it. If you want to make my day, write me a letter.

But lately, I've been dreading it. I got a credit card, and the bill is to be coming soon. Sigh. Avoid it like the plague. If I don't see it, it's not there.

I kept putting it off. Girl troubles, money troubles. I swore both of them off in exchange for some booze. Maybe we can drink it away? Who knows?

More issues with girls. It's always girls.

Finally it comes down to this morning. All or nothing. I've gotta pay that bill someday. I make the trek down there hoping to god it hasn't come yet.

It has.

Along with a letter from The Defense Lawyer.

Cosmic, eh? It's always girls...

Man... Or Astro-Man? (Any Number Of Times)

I never miss a Man... Or Astro-Man? show. Never. Every time they've come though town I've made it to see them, and with good reason. Simply put, they put on the best stage show I've ever seen.

Period.

To see MOAM live is not just a musical event; it's a production. They've got gadgets and gizmos, TV screens and projectors, lights and cameras, guys in space suits bopping about, and I haven't even gotten to the part where Coco lights his head of fire! All of this set to outer space surf rock with priceless sci-fi movie samples to keep you going. You have to have been (a) living in a cave (b) in a coma (c) dead (d) just plain old, not paying attention if you haven't heard me go off about how great these guys are.

Did I mention they rule?

The last two times I saw them was when they were on the EEVIAC tour. Supposedly the entire set was being conducted by the EEVIAC mainframe computer, and to prove it they had old 50's style computer heads on their amplifiers complete with a functioning modern-day computers built into every amplifier. The set is classic MOAM with songs ranging from all of their albums (too many to mention here... just go to any records store and they should have at least 20 or so of their releases). Both sets ended with the magnificent tesla coil display (they haul out this huge coil, get everyone down on the floor and turn it on... the thing shoots out at least three feet worth of electrical charge in every direction and it looks really fuckin' cool). I can never say enough nice things about these guys so what you really need to do is go and see them. Right Now! I'll wait here while you do. If they aren't playing right now, be patient. They play almost every six months and I've never been disappointed by a set they've done.

The first show had an opening act called Rock*A*Teens and they basically sucked. If you like everything, including the drums, soaked in unintelligible reverb, then maybe you'll like them. They just didn't do it for me. The second show had two of the coolest bands I've ever seen open (not counting Operation Re-Information who opened for MOAM the second time I saw them and who were one of the neatest things I've ever seen live).

The Causey Way was what MOAM would be doing if they were really into David Koresh, which seemed the case since The Causey Way drummer was none other than Birdstuff himself (MOAM's drummer). They were more rock than surf (a direction MOAM's been heading in lately anyway) but the motif was great. Causey, the band's leader, is the spiritual guru and has a compound somewhere in Florida. The band's goal? To spread the message of Causey so that enough people who are Causey in their actions and thoughts will live in the compound, sparing them when Y2K hits and the world ends.

Uhm, yeah. Anyway, now that the New Year has come and gone I have no clue what The Causey Way is up to, but the show ruled anyway and if you can find either of their CDs you need to check them out. One is self-released called, "WWCD," and the other is through (of all places) Alternative Tentacles. Sadly, the name escapes me at the moment.

The other band was Bob Log III. One guy, one guitar, one Mic, one bass drum. Think Hasil Atkins on drugs with a little more rhythm. Basically, this guy rocked the house and there really is no other way to describe it. Check him out if you get a chance.

Tom Waits.

The full story on Tom Waits dates back to my 24th birthday, April 30th. My friend Damien had gotten me the first and last Tom Waits album as a present and I couldn't be more grateful. My knowledge of Tom Waits until then consisted only of my memories of my mom listening to "The Heart Of Saturday Night" over and over again, so hearing this familiar voice do songs I hadn't heard before was refreshing and exciting. I'd heard various Waits songs on and off before then and liked them just the same, but it wasn't until I got these two albums that my love for his music began to grow into the garden it is now.

Flash-forward. The Alternators coastal camp-out. Myself, The Lord Or Darkness, The Ramen City Kid, "Angry Man" Josh and Captain Morgan. As the specific details of this trip have been sworn to secrecy by my cohorts, I can only divulge that the official theme song for the trip was none other than, "Singapore." By the end of the trip, we all knew the words by heart. It was only fitting that upon our return to the Blitzhäus we saw the ad in the Eugene Weekly for the Hult Center show. The votes were in: we were not going to miss this show for anything and that was that. End of story.

Mondale Chris saved our lives by not only making the 10 A.M. phone call to buy the tickets for us but by having a credit card that could cover the costs of the tickets for all of us as well. \$42 apiece, and even though my already-broken-many-times rule about not paying a lot for concerts was null and void because, after all, it's Tom Waits, I felt a big tremor in my heart as I handed over the money. \$42 was a lot to pay for anything, even if the item purchased was justifiable.

Time passed. The day of the show came and I started preparing early at Chris' apt. Soon the whole gang showed up, all in suits, all drinking heavily, all anticipating the show. Pat and Angie were in town, and the night was very, very promising. Eventually we made the migration to the Hult Center. Imagine a huge group of us, drunk as monkeys, walking in a large group downtown. You could hear us blocks away. I can't even begin to describe it but it must have been a sight to see. I'm sure the police got more than one phone call that night, and that's just because of us, not including the thousands of other Tom Wait's fans that more or less took over downtown.

Somehow we made it to the show alive and before I could really keep track of what was going on we were in our seats and the show was starting. Hopefully you will forgive me for not being a good enough writer to describe this man live. I don't think there's a person alive who can. Belting out songs and one-liners and using his own dust and dirt he brought to the show, I was in awe from point one.

Best one-liner: "I spent the day at Wunderland. It was wonderful."

Best song of the night (for my money): "Innocent When You Dream."

Through the alcohol I fought to stay conscious. I felt guilty for this but later found out it happened to other

people, because we had drank a lot and started pretty fuckin' early. Eventually, after a rendition of "Big In Japan" (with his son on drums) the show was over. I just sat there lost and confused. Did reality make sense anymore?

More booze and food at Vet's with Brad, then over for more drink at Chris', followed by a cross-town jaunt with Pat to the roof of his old apt. where we drank and talked the night away far past when we should have died from toxic shock, let alone have already fallen asleep.

There aren't really words I can use to give you an accurate picture of the whole evening (or any of these evenings for that matter). Maybe I could try to explain the breakfast at Brail's the next day or how Pat and I fought off the St. Vincent De Paul people who were picking up my couch that morning, or maybe I could try and explain my encounter with Miss Doom at Chris' but I don't think I can really give you a feel for having been there. The bottom line was that magic was there on these nights and you just have to appreciate it when it's there, lest you regret it later.

Bottom line.

Bill Graham Presents

AN EVENING WITH TOM WAITS

Friday Oct 15, 1999 8:00pm

Silva Concert Hall

Hult Center

T415528

\$42.00

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BB

302

Has Exceeding

Expectations

Become

Expected?

NO PROGRESS SINCE 1898 AND PROUD OF IT!

All Cut Up Men Misbehaving Badly

Same. Same. Same. Same. Same. Same.

Groovie Ghoulies, The Muffs.

I really wanted to go to this show but money was becoming an issue for me so I had planned not to. Fortunately for me, Miss Honey Vizer herself offered to cover for me and after drinks at Doc's we caught the last couple of songs of the Groovie Ghoulies. I like them quite a bit but the stage show that I saw wasn't all that much to get excited about. Maybe if I'd seen the whole set... but anyway, they were good enough. They did do, "Vampire Girl," which is my favorite song, and that was really cool.

Then, a beer downstairs and back up to see The Muffs. Basically, this is your typical '90's rock 'n' roll show complete with distorted guitars, catchy basslines, a pretty girl fronting the band, the occasional screw up to show you that yes, they are authentic, and best of all: good songs! It really doesn't matter what your band has if you can't end your set with a song that will make people want to sing along, and that's what the Muffs did for me. I tell you, I'd trade every show I've seen where the bands were technically great musicians for one show with a band like The Muffs even if I didn't know any of their songs. They still rocked my cock.

Afterward Honey and I retreated to Chez IHOP, where we scarfed down some breakfast and talked a lot about music, mostly involving her brush with fame when she opened for Mr. Jonathan Richman, who I had only just recently discovered and was still in awe over. I can't think of a better way to spend a Wednesday evening.

Speed versus Need

Same.

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A Burnt Bulb Production

QUASI
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GA- 764 The Replikants GA- 764
Doors open 8:30pm-Showtime 9:00-All Ages
Friday, March 10, 2000
1332 W. Burnside Portland, OR. 97209
\$8.00 NO EXCHANGES OR REFUNDS \$8.00

Shake: Teen style has long strived to offend adults. Yesterday's bobby-soxer is today's pierced Goth.

SHOW REVIEW:

"If The Real Fool Is the Fool Who Follows Him, Where Does That Leave Me?"
(Pleaseeasaur, The Kung Fu's, Black Heart Procession. 4/1/00. EJ's.)

This was my third show after having moved to the Portland Metro area, the first being the Replikants at The Crystal Ballroom (with Lois & Quasi, though I had to leave before Quasi because of work) and the second being an intimate (The Ramen City Kid, Pat & myself plus four other people) set with 9th Life at The Satyricon. You can't blame 9th Life, though. The show was booked as a folk acoustic act, the ad in the paper had the picture of a cute little kitty and "9th" was spelled out like this: Ninth. No wonder it was poorly attended! It's Portland's own damn fault, though, because it was one of the better shows I've seen and it rocked and it was just for us and a select few others who knew the power of this two man combo. It's all mine and no one else can have it!

Completely unlike this show at EJ's, which was packed to the gills upon my arrival.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. We should probably get some other things out first.

This had been a loooooooooooooong day at work. Nine hours, coincidentally enough. I had caught wind of the show via The Defense Lawyer, and it promised to be fun for the whole family. Still being new to the area, and having a limited capacity when it comes to making decisions like, "Should I blow some cash to see and show and get drunk when I could stay at home and read some more of The Great Gatsby?" I choose to throw caution to the wind and follow, follow, *follow* my friends to the fool's day procession.

This was my first adventure into the land of EJ's, and I for one was not dressed the part having just gotten off work. Cute punky girls and guys were crawling everywhere and I had my briefcase and tie on. Funny? Hardly. I'm sure the guy at the bar felt like something was up when I ordered a Pabst. Oh well. I could have played it up by asking to get a tour of the back area to make sure the premises was up to code, but I wasn't sure if I could pull off a prank like that. Instead I opted for bullshitting with The Ramen City Kid and Justin, cleverly on vacation after he told me he wasn't going to be in the Portland area for, "a while." Psych! Always a better prankster than I by far.

I felt bad dragging him to a show, though. For the amount of time I've known him and for the ranking he receives as far as my good friends are concerned, Justin and I have musical tastes that differ about as much as Cain & Abel's. Well, I guess we could probably shop at the same record store (especially now that I've moved to Portland), but aside from R.E.M.'s Document and the occasional head-nod on a novelty song here and there, Justin and I don't see eye-to-eye much when it comes to the stereo in the corner when we sit down for some serious drinking (which is often enough), and generally the evening is a trade off with a brit-pop album for him followed by Nomeansno (or something similar) for me and then repeat the cycle (although I will turn you on to Tom Waits soon enough, you just wait tough guy).

After stashing our coats and draining our beers, Pleaseeasaur took the stage. Before we'd even paid to get in I thought that was probably the most interesting band name I'd heard recently. Band Name Study 101 is a favorite past time of mine, and I enjoy trying to follow the cycles that names go through over time. I'm sad to see the Long-

But-Clever band name cycle wind down, but I'm sure we'll come back to it eventually. Besides, I'd like to see some more Short-But-Clever band names come about, seeing how those two ideas seem to have been mutually exclusive for some reason, and Pleaseeasaur was the first I'd seen in a long time that had a good groove to it.

Not knowing what to expect, I couldn't believe it when they finally started. Armed with a microphone and a wardrobe of, uhm, "interesting" costumes (the last of which was a giant furry Poodle costume that, by the amount of sweat I was generating from just standing around, must have brought him pretty close to passing out) John-Peter Hasson (I'll assume that's his name, as it says it is in the CD liner notes) lip-synched to a variety of strange and beautiful songs while a crew of assistants would use overhead projectors to show related images and produce other props as the show went on.

Kitch? Camp? Some higher form of entertainment we, as mere humans, cannot quite fathom yet? Who knows? All I know is with songs called, "Dog Shit," "You've Got The Tough" (a nice little ditty that goes on to talk about how "you can do it" because "you're rad"), "The Dream Barge" (The Ramen City Kid's favorite), "Stranger's Have The Best Candy," and "Beef Flavored Island," (my personal fave) you really have to call into question the nature of such entertainment. Sure, dredging the cultural flotsam and jetsam of our childhood's has been what music is all about for years, especially when you decide to dig up as much silly stuff as these guys did. But when you reach the point of extreme deconstruction that I witnessed on stage, where even after I got the CD home and I listened to it and looked at the website and *still* couldn't tell weather or not these guys were just putting me on or not, you have to wonder how far the joke goes. Maybe they aren't aware themselves? Now that would be *really* funny.

We crossed the street for a cocktail at Club 21 and met up with The Defense Lawyer and Aaron, all split on our opinions of this (concept?) band. (For the record, Justin & I were the only one's that liked them. Irony, mayhaps?) I quickly downed my whiskey sour and we reconvened back at EJ's for The Kung Fu's.

Now this was something I could sink my teeth into. Hair in eyes, polo shirts, expertly played instrumental music that seemed to draw equally from Unwound, ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead and a dash of good old rock 'n' roll. Justin tried to go on about, "generic band #254," but the more he talked about them the more I didn't care. So what if he couldn't tell them apart from any other indie act he'd seen? So what if he thought the instrumental nature of the music detracted from the songs because you couldn't tell one from another? The more he pointed things out to me that he didn't like about them the more they started to grow on me. Legend has it that they were broken up, but reformed after Steve Albini him self commented on how he liked them. When Mr. Big Black speaks, people listen.

That story and the feeling of the music struck a chord inside of me somewhere. Music isn't about a CD release party with NO CDs FOR SALE (Curses! Foiled again by a April 1st prank!), or trying to come to terms with the nature of the genre you are irreversibly associated with. Music is about creating a mythology and having stories to tell about such-and-such show or what the lead singer does in his spare time or whatever. It made me want to go on and on to Justin about how all Brit Pop stars look the same and sound the same and so what, you still like them. But instead I just bit my tongue and rocked back in forth, tapping my foot and throwing my hair forward in time with the rock. I was having a good time. So what if I looked like everyone else in the crowd? I was drunk like them too.

Pleased at what I'd just seen, we slogged back over to Club 21 for more booze (shot 'o' bourbon with a beer back this time) and talked music with a mutual acquaintance Luke as "War Pigs" played distortedly over the jukebox. The evening was shaping up quite nicely, there was one more band left, and the knife in my gut that had been my annoying job was just a dull throb that was about to disappear with the last swallow of beer before the Black Heart Procession started.

Sadly, I was much disappointed. Not knowing what to expect, and having just been amped by The Kung Fu's, the name alone should have been a dead give away about the nature of this group. Slow, droning, rhythmic soft guitar / keyboard rock about how depressed the lead singer was about whatever girl it was that dumped him _____ months ago. (I imagine the number changes depending on the particular girl he's depressed over this time.) This was no time for this kind of nonsense! I'm sure it was probably much better than I'm making it out to be, but I'd just had my buttons pushed by the Kung Fu's and I wanted something with a little more umph. I needed to rock! I have to admit, the live "saw" that was played was pretty neat, and the overall sound of their performance was top notch (they have technical skill, that's for sure), but their set just clashed too much with what I'd already seen.

Or was that the point?

With the show over, we scammed a ride back to our hood with The Defense Lawyer, and walked the remaining distance in a confused, contemplative, horny and drunk sort of mood. We talked about mycology as we finished off the beer I'd stolen from the party the other night and tried to put the night's events in some sort of order. There was something missing, something about the night that wasn't sitting quite well with me. After I polished off my last glass of sobering water and gobbled my sandwich, as I lay down to pass out, I had to wonder:

Was tonight really the night I had to set my clock forward in order make it to work on time tomorrow, or yet another part the entire day's joke on me?

--Austin Rich 4/3/00

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DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR

STEAL THIS LOOK

Delusions of inflation of worth, power, knowledge, identity or special relationship to a deity or famous person. (e.g., all powerful sorceress, assassins, ancient Romans, commanders of inter-galactic space ships)

Same.

Same.

ANTISOCIAL PERSONALITY DISORDER:

A pattern of disregard for and violation of the rights of others. Elaborate weaponry is often involved.

Are We Not Men? We Are Jesus Freaks.

by Madame Freakazoid

We are the latest crop of power pop to hit the airwaves. We make Jesus cool. We wear those silver thumb rings, have big giant holes in our earlobes, dye our hair blonde with the roots showing and do that skinny heroin shtick, but our drug is Jesus. We drive retro cars with names like Galaxy and like chicks in tight t-shirts without bras, as long as they aren't wearing bras for Jesus. We are quasi-intellectual, with big deep emotional gazes or big deep emotional guitar chords. We are MxPx, the Jesus-loving version of Offspring. We are POD, the Jesus-loving version of Bad Brains. We are DC Talk, the Jesus-loving version of Everclear mixed with Pearl Jam. We are Jesus-loving version of Helmet, Weezer, Nirvana and Chris Ballew.

We like Snowboarding (in the name of Jesus) with those dark-colored tennis shoes with the white shoelaces.

We are the latest guilt-free demographic. We are making pots of money in the name of spiritual integrity. We are making Jesus seem as if he is an article in Details sandwiched on page 83 between the hottest cocktail spots in Manhattan and what's new in neckwear.

We play our videos on Channel 11 on Wednesday nights. We want you to call the toll free number so you too can rawk in the name of Jesus.

And so, in the interest of making Jesus a viable contemporary figure, we propose new maxims:

1. And God said, Let there be rock.
2. Thou shalt not kill rock stars.
3. For God so loved rock and roll, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever shall rock shall not perish but have everlasting rock lobster.
4. Blessed are the rockers, for they shall inherit the earth.
5. Honor thy father and thy mother, that they may live long upon the land, because it's their basement.
6. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's Fender stratocaster.
7. I say unto thee, love your enemies, do good to them which do not rock, bless them that listen to 'NSync and pray for them which insist on listening to Z-100.
8. The Lord is my rocker, I shall not want. He maketh me to sit in the first row at the Rose Garden, he leadeth me to tickets without expensive surcharges.
9. Surely goodness and mercy and emo-core shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the concert hall of the Lord forever.
10. ?????? (Send yours to this here publication. Yes, we're into Jesus-loving interactive media as well.)

SHOW REVIEW:

"Rock As A Necessity for Mammals and Other Living Creatures" (Melvins. 4/5/00. Roseland.)

The Melvins have spent their entire career in a very difficult place. Sure, there's obvious potential for a metal / rock combo in almost any town in this country. And yes, your band's line-up can make or break you. But often times that alone can't do it for you, even if all the other elements are place.

First, there's the revolving door bass player; something the rock world always loves. Consider King Buzzo himself, half man, half hair which was specially designed in a laboratory by the government for not only head banging, but showing up anyone else who tries. And let's not forget Dale Crover (the drummer for those who are keeping score), who has corporate metal points for helping record Nirvana's early demos (try asking him about *that* in a interview). But to his credit, Dale is one of the most precision clockwork men in the industry when it comes to the skins.

Even considering the number of albums and years under their belt (at least 10 of each) one would think that a show, even a Wednesday night one, would be better attended than the Roseland show I saw tonight, and yet it was. But I guess that's the price you pay for being the Melvins, who, for all the plaques they have on the walls in the heavy metal Valhalla party house stating otherwise, have had a bad reputation for their entire existence. As they slowly spent the years carving out their own place in the world of music -- a place few others have even dared to approach because of the respect it holds, nay, DEMANDS! -- they have also spent that time fighting bravely against the one stumbling block they've always managed to trip over: mediocre live performances.

"How can this be?" you ask. Good question, and one that's not easy to answer. In the studio they are some of the most accomplished musicians in the industry, mining a vein of metal / experimental / tribal / rock 'n' fuckin' roll that others were either not daring enough to attempt. Everyone knows that the wrong combination of those elements will not function properly, thus creating an explosion or chemical burn that will not only leave the band scarred for life but leave the fans with a bad taste in their mouths who will not come back for seconds. Who could possible try when they already had what The Melvins produced: something very much like, and yet completely different from, anything metal has ever produced before or since?

Even their more rudimentary recordings have the power to make those who cross their arms and tap their feet lightly while standing in the back of shows nod appreciatively. Not only that, but the Melvins are singular in that they made the crossover from independent label to major... and then back again, something most musicians would consider commercial suicide.

Not so for the Melvins. Going back to an indie label actually proved to help bolster their work, enabling them to produce a trilogy of albums for Ipecac Records, the label affectionately formed by Mike Patton of Mr. Bungle & Fantomas fame (for which Buzz himself played guitar). The albums themselves are not only engaging, but inventive, original, experimental, and fun to listen to for people who don't like metal or the Melvins. Even attempting something like this would make most major labels hide in fear, not daring to release such an "unmarketable product."

The titles alone would strike fear in the hearts of most execs: "The Maggot" "The Bootlicker" & "The Crybaby." Furthermore, the CDs were to be released over the course of about a year. A three part epic that you have to wait almost four months for the next installment? And let's not forget some of the collaborators to be included on part III, who include Mike Patton, Leif Garrett, & Hank Williams III. They aren't exactly year 2,000 guaranteed moneymakers in anybody's records store.

This didn't seem to deter them though, and soon The Melvins began touring for this effort a month before the first CD was available in stores. For over a year now they've been constantly on the road, stopping only for food, water, alcohol, more vitamin M (for Metal), and occasionally to record the next part of the next CD. To do something that outrageous this far into the game, to successfully pull off a stunt like this after recording and touring for as long as they have--basically, being fully aware of the danger of what they are about to do and to going ahead with it anyway--you've either got to be insane, desperate to fail completely and utterly, tired and not paying attention,

really fuckin' high or drunk, or... or...

Well... or the Melvins.

But could they pull it off? The question has echoed in my head since I first went to see them in Eugene at the beginning of their tour last year. Remember, this was the band that had made themselves famous in that fine town (and other's so I've heard) for being so bad live they couldn't come back again for nearly five years. Based on one single show, scads of Eugenians not only speak ill of them to this day, but also refused to have anything to do with them when they finally returned the time I saw them. Even before that, their shows had been characterized by long drawn out periods of feedback that almost filled up the entire set with barely more than two full songs. Sure, your ears would hate you in the morning and the band was having fun... but there had to be a downside, right?

Couple this with the knowledge that they've been known to drink like fish and go on stage to play out of tune, out of synch, and often times all three playing completely different songs at the same time, and you have a recipe for disaster.

Could it be possible for a band with this kind of live reputation to tour for well over a year solid backing up a concept three-CD set on an independent label, and do it well? Seeing them last year was money spent with trepidation. Sure, the first CD was good (heard only the day before the show, having just been released the day before that). The CDs have *always* been good...

Needless to say, I was not disappointed, with a hour & a half long set of non-stop rock filled with the best of their new and old material, plus a competently played cover or two. The tour was apparently off to a good start, and as the second and third CDs in the "The" series were released, I wanted another taste of what they had to offer live. Luckily, I would get my chance at the Roseland, assuming they were still able to keep it up, after touring for so long.

And assuming I didn't get my ass kicked at the show...

A little background:

It has always been hard for me to come to terms with my love affair with metal. This had more to do with being relentlessly picked on by Metallica / Slayer / Iron Maiden fans in Jr. High because I liked my mom's Bon Jovi album and less to do with the actual nature of the music, which I sort of liked. At a time in my life when music was suddenly becoming more and more important to me, it became very clear to me that there were two different kinds of music:

(1) Asshole Music: to be listened to by assholes and their girlfriends, who would generally look really cute which led to some sort of minor crush, but you couldn't like a metal chick because you had no chance with them because they liked asshole qualities in their boyfriends, which you had none of.

and...

(2) Everything Else.

I spent a lot of time exploring the latter option.

The problem was, I had this weird appetite for rocking out. It kept coming back to me, some sort of weird, instinctual urge that could only be sated by listening to good, loud music. It was hard for me to rationalize this, because as I would listen to my Robert Palmer tape or my Eric Johnson tape, there always seemed like there was something missing that those metal bands were just so damn good at. It felt wrong to listen to Led Zeppelin... but in a good way.

As High School slowly came and went I started to come around to the idea that metal wasn't just for assholes. Slowly but surely, as my post High School years put me farther and farther from those days of getting picked on by guys with bloodshot eyes, I began to discover stuff like Slayer, godheadSilo, KARP, Motorhead and of course, our good friends the Melvins. Now these were bands that you didn't have to be a metalhead to like. It didn't mater if you were a geek or a dork or if you were good with computers or whatever. You didn't even need a denim jacket or a roach clip! Just an urge to rock out.

And I had plenty of that.

The problem is, I still feel some sort of residual alienation from typical fans because of this. Sure, I could crank the album up with the best of them. And, oh yes, I've got the first Metallica album, so don't you worry your

pretty little head about that. I've even got a denim jacket in my closet somewhere, and of course I know all the words to "War Ensemble." Who doesn't? But for some reason I still feel uneasy in a crowd of metal fans. Sure, our love for the Melvins may bring us together in same building to experience everlasting peace and universal harmony, but when you're head banging side by side do you take the time to think that the guy next to you is someone you might want to have an intelligent conversation with at the Guided Truffle later that evening over a bottle of 1975 Chianti? Or would it be easier to knock him over to make more room for you to look more macho so you can set about the task of killing more brain cells?

Residual fears, I know, but they're still there. There was no real reason to worry because that's what alcohol is for!

As I finished my second whiskey sour I began to get into the groove with the opening music, getting my moves down pat and preparing for the real show. Eventually they took the stage, and that pre-show adrenaline rush started to flow and mix with the booze to create the perfect consistency of sweat for that evening's dancing.

The Roseland is a great place for shows; they've got a good sound system, lots of room to roam and dance, and generally good bands. All of this adds up to lots of bandy band goodness! But even for the Melvins with their bad rep and all the entire place seemed sorely undersold. I mean, I saw two Mr. Bungle shows there and you couldn't move around to save your life because the place was so crowded, let alone get close to the stage. With Buzz's recent affiliation with Mike Patton, you'd think *some* of those fans would have been there. They didn't even have a barrier up! They must have anticipated poor sales! I kept thinking of all the tickets that went unsold, and the people who, after they read my inspiring words at some point in the future, will kick themselves for the great show they missed. But again, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Buzz took the Mic, and in a very uncharacteristic move, talked to the audience. Part irony, part self / rock star mockery, part honesty, he went on to explain about how they were doing two sets and none other than Mr. Leif Garrett (insert many cheers and yells from audience here except from me) was gonna come out shortly and play. (Can you keep a secret? Okay. I don't know who the fuck he is, and his name means nothing to me, but I think it's fun to type it and now I can name drop that I've seen and heard him and people will lend more credit to what I say, even though I couldn't for the life of me name a single other song he's ever done. So keep it under your hat, okay? Thanks.) Then Buzz apologized, again in a half ironic tone, about the fact that we were all gonna hate the first set but to not complain about it because the second set would be better.

Then the rock began.

Sort of.

If you count a flawless cover of "Tequila."

Which I do, and thus they went into their "cover" set, playing a country song, some classic rock, and some stuff I didn't recognize but was pretty sure wasn't an original tune but still liked nonetheless. All too often cover songs have no soul and the band covering them just have no clue what they're doing. I had forgotten how close the Melvins come to performing good cover songs.

In reality, very few people can get away with performing covers at all. I know this, you know this, everyone knows this. Covers are not and never have been the way to an audience's heart, and rarely can anyone ever seem to get them right. But the Melvins have a third eye that seems to see not how so-and-so wrote the song or how the Melvins should play so-and-so's song, but how the Melvins should play it if they had written it themselves. There's a distinct difference, and most bands don't know when to just shut the fuck up and play something of their own. (Come to think of it, some bands don't know when to shut the fuck up at all and stop playing music, period.)

But in The Melvins hands, covers are really not that annoying at all, and even their near flawless cover of "Smells Like Teen Spirit" made me want to jump around like I did when I first ever heard it way back in high school when I thought to myself, "Now this, this is rock 'n' roll!" The fact that Leif Garrett was singing it was just icing on the cake. (Name-dropping is so fun!)

Intermission time. Use the restroom, and get ready for the second set. I was beginning to feel a bit cheated when they came back on without Leif (ha ha, I sound so in-the-know) but I imagine he had other obligations, being a famous rock star of some sort for whatever it was that he did that made him famous (you know what I'm talkin' about). And then it hit me.

There's a moment as an audience member where you start to become aware of what's going on around you. Everything seems static and electric and ready to break and pop, and I was very conscious this when they came back and opened the set with some of the best feedback I've ever heard in my life. I looked around and noticed this crowd all staring at the stage, where the band was turned away from them, and thought to myself, "I wonder how many people came here to rock out and now they feel ripped off?" I laughed internally.

Honestly, though, this was mind-numbing stuff they were playing, and I was glad there were probably some people that were pissed about it. Not everyone could appreciate what I was experiencing. If there's one thing in the world I like more than anything else concerning music (or anything at all for that matter), it's low-pitched feedback. There are only two bands in the world that can do something interesting with it that sends that loin-tingling feeling through your head and body and makes you want to grab the nearest person to you and do vile things with them, and those bands are Unwound and the Melvins. Honestly, I had at least three full body music orgasms, and they hadn't even started their first song. I was in ecstasy.

And then the music started.

Aside from a few feedback breaks (insert more heart palpitations) they churned out an amazing set of rock 'n' fucking roll, leaving the show I saw before in the dust. Between you and I, there is no shit whatsoever ("I Shit You Not!"). From the slow, plodding, clockwork style I mentioned earlier that they practically invented to the fast, punky sounds they occasionally adopt, they played a non-stop set of amazing rock. To put it in terms even you can understand: I danced at this show, and I *NEVER* dance.

Ever.

There were songs I recognized and songs I didn't, but that didn't seem to be the point. I was venting, finally, that primeval urge to rock, and it felt damn good. My body hadn't felt like this since the last time I'd had sex, and the only thing I wanted to do now was drink some more and listen to some more loud music. Fortunately I managed to score a ride home with The Defense Lawyer, who had joined me for that evening's rock, and soon enough I was sitting at this here desk, punching out some nonsensical ravings about some show I'd seen earlier that evening, beer in hand, music on the stereo.

Sometimes it all just comes together, you know? I have a feeling it won't be long before the Melvins shake their bad reputation.

--Austin Rich 4/7/00

HE WAS THE KING OF COOL.
AND THIS WAS HIS KINGDOM.
WE'LL MISS YOU.

A Call for
Lustiness

Okay, So I Lied (Tribute To Lester Bangs Number 1)

by Austin Rich

I loved shopping for records in Eugene, but I could never afford it. Here the money seems to always be in my pocket even *after* I pay my bills. Fuck yeah! So instead of being wracked with guilt when I see something I want I can gleefully snatch things out of the bins and say in that maniacal voice I've been working on in my spare time, "This will make an EXCELLENT addition to my COLLECTION! Bwahahahahaha!" (Emphasis on capitalized words, of course, and you have to warble the laugh in order to make it sound evil enough.) Why I remember one day in particular... (wait a minute... I think this deserves another paragraph)

The real story goes back a ways. After making the ever-so-wise decision of getting a credit card for the soul purpose of getting a record player and being very sloth-like in paying it off, the only remaining component to my stereo that was necessary so I did not have to harrass The Ramen City Kid every time I wanted to make a

tape for myself (or a friend) was a tape deck that could record from my other components. Simple enough. This, coupled with the on-going search for more records, ended up being my goal for the day in question.

I first went to Second Ave., and though I resent the prices they set for their albums there was one thing that was keeping me flipping through their piles that day: the song "Institutionalized." For some reason I really wanted that song, and I was actually willing to go a little above my normal maximum for the first Suicidal album on vinyl or the Repo Man soundtrack (if, that is I could find either). The only place I could think of that might have it was Second Ave., and I'd had such good luck with records here in Portland that I figured that (coupled with my goal of a new tape deck) wouldn't be that hard to accomplish.

I failed at Second Ave., and then after a quick search through the bins at Ozone I was about to give up. After all, I don't have the transportation to zoom all around town to all the other record stores in the area, and aside from the three I knew about downtown I really didn't know where else there was to go anyway. Aside from a new Daniel Johnston tape I had come up empty handed.

I did, however, receive an anonymous tip on stereo equipment, so as I was trying to move on to the second part of my search I walked by Django and just decided to glance in the window. What's this! Lo and behold, in the one bin visible from the street was the first Suicidal album, on vinyl, for \$4 no less! I quickly threw open the doors and almost trampled three or four people as I stampeded toward the bin and snatched up the record before my enemies could steal it and thwart my plans (which happens all too often as they co-ordinate their efforts with locals and have a very developed network of communication with which to inform one another of my current position and theoretical destinations, but that's a whole n'other story for another day I'm afraid).

Being amped by my success, it seemed reasonable that I should more carefully inspect the other bins and to my delight I scored not only the first They Might Be Giants LP, and the first Green Day LP, not to mention the Rondelles album I'd been looking for since I first heard it as a DJ at KWVA. With the look of a gleeful child I bounded to the counter and handed over the cash before something could happen and turn the event into a disaster, and just as quickly as I entered I fled to the shelter of the bus stop to paruse my booty and wait for the bus that would take me to the place in question that I was told might have a cassette deck.

The Hawthorn bus was crowded, but I got off at Jackpot and crossed the street and went to that other record store where the cassette deck was rumored to be, and after a bit of examination decided that it was worth the money and shelled out the fifty bucks she was charging.

With many new possessions in tow, I figured it would be prudent to return home ASAP, and negotiated the buses as quickly as possible. I was anxious to here my new albums and tape them on my new cassette deck so I could continue to listen to them on my walkman, and to this end spent the next couple of hours hooking up the stereo and letting the record player spin.

How can I verbalize my dissapointment? Lester Bangs already textualized it so much more eloquently than I ever could years before I even thought about putting pen to paper (let alone needle to record). What it boiled down to is this: even though I'd made purchases I wanted to, and even though I was very excited about all the records I found, they all sounded exactly how I expected them to sound. Maybe this was because I'd heard them all before, or maybe there was some other unseen factor at work here. But for some reason, none of these album were capeable of blowing my mind in that way that I always secretly hope they do every time I push play or punch play or drop the handle.

Sure, now I could sate the cravings to hear "Disappearing Boy" or what have you without having to fast forward and rewind through the stacks of tapes in those boxes in the corner of my room that are all poorly labled that I keep telling myself I'll get around to fixing sooner or later, and that alone makes the endeavor worth it. And yeah, I love all those records. Don't get me wrong. But there was something else that was missing, something that I might have only imagined except that... well... see...

I'll try to explain, but first we'll need the right setting and background so Insert the hyper-kenetic Unwound instrumental "Miserific Conditions" to give you the idea that I'm bouncing off the walls and the keyboard as I type this, because I am and that's where this text is headed. This is about everything above and about THE RECORD...

Because sometimes you need a few cups of coffee to get yourself out of bed, and sometimes you need VERY loud music to get you out of that same bed on those days after a long bout of drinking wine and being

lazy on your day off, and besides you have to work later in the day anyway and the ONLY way you're going to keep yourself going until Midnight when you get off work is COFFEE COFFEE COFFEE and VOLUME VOLUME VOLUME because you were up at 8 A.M. because you drank yourself into one of *those* passing-out drunk stupors the night before (at MIDNIGHT of all the lame early hours of the day to fall asleep). So now you're stuck with being so hyped up on coffee and the Wipers and anything else you can find that's enough to keep the chemistry that's going on in your body at the right level and when you think about it you are already starting to fear that 6 P.M. crash you know you're going to have, but fuck it, you've got all the time in the world right now because you know what you're looking for which is what the whole search is all about in the first place...

And your gonna keep trying to turn that record up louder even though it's already really fuckin' loud but for some reason you just can't get it loud enough because you are still just a human being listening to music on headphones and the crunchy feedback and the THUD THUD DUMP THUD of the bass hasn't disintegrated your entire body and turned you into some sort of pile of watery energy that just oozes everywhere and obliterates all feeling and thought that keeps you from being the kind of person you want to be because all you can ever think about without it is how completely pointless it is to have to put up with all the dumbfucks in the world and how you have to work your fucking job day in, day out for money that only ever goes to keeping yourself from being hungry and freezing to death outside in THE REAL WORLD. And the only things you get to spend this glorious money-stuff on that you've earned that you can actually consider "your's" is more records and booze that will, hopefully, allow you to smash yourself into some state that will enable you to cope with the horrible repetition of it all.

BUT IT DOESN'T! It never does. You can never seem to get drunk enough and you keep trying to find that one record that will destroy your sense of what music is supposed to sound like and when you're done leaves you spent and exhausted like what you imagine the best sex you've ever had will be like. You know? How it makes you wimper and cry and all you can think about is another touch from that flesh and mind combination that made you believe that maybe there was religion or something similar that was worth believing in after all, because something exists out there so you can keep on living and fucking long into the night in search of it with this person.

Some albums come so fucking close to that and when they do I just want to yell and scream and bounce off the walls and drink more coffee and beer and bourbon and wine and celebrate LIFE AND ALL IT'S BEAUTY and all that is real and right in the world because *tomorrow*, oh fuck you tomorrow! Because tomorrow I have to repeat all that bullshit. But now, OH THAT GLORIOUS MOMENT! I'm listening to this record and this song and this particular note and word combination that means more to me than all that other bullshit and makes me feel ALIVE and ready to take on the world and become anything and everything and to hell with all the bullshit.

For the most part, no matter how close to that they come, there's some element missing and it's not quite loud enough or intense enough and no matter what kind of scrutiny you give it under laboratory tested, repetitive headphone listenings while wandering around late at night drunk or wired or just searching around for a new place to go that isn't *where you are* you can't see to find what it is, you still can't find that key element that you're looking for, the one that you can't describe but you know is missing and you will keep searching for it every time you buy records because you know it's out there somewhere, that one record that will make everything else pale in comparison and it will all come together and make everything the morning after be OKAY.

And it's not just loud and volume and bass and distortion I'm talking about here, even though those elements are on the best albums. It's about the combination of those elements, the tone of voice, the beauty in mixing those elements in the right amounts and proportions. Some of the best songs ever are slow and methodic and build to a crescendo (much like sex, again). But all of them have a certain level of honesty, of the purging need to turn emotion into sound to evoke emotion in the simplest and most basic terms. In the end, it all comes back to base needs and ideas. Because if you aren't listening for that sort of elated feeling music is supposed to give you, why are you listening at all?

Maybe it won't ever happen, but I gotta believe in something, right? It might as well be THAT record, something that I can actually find someday if I keep looking hard enough, because I've seen records before and I

know where to find those, rather than some arbitrary person to spend my life with because that's how the rest of the world gives their lives meaning and since that's the path that seems to work the most for people in general I should try to find that certain special someone and marry them and settle down and raise a family because that's what works for everyone else. Except of course when they need to get a divorce because it turns out that they don't really get along after all because they married too early or too late or at the exactly right time and, well, to be honest I'm dissatisfied with the way my kids turned out because they did or didn't shoot up enough libraries so I'm going to make them feel like shit and tell them it's their fault so they'll grow up feeling inadequate and uncomfortable around their peers and maybe even prevent them from functioning correctly with people on a personal and social level. What possible reason would I want to follow that path? What sort of self-satisfying meaning does that give me? Give me THE RECORD over that anyway.

Of course, I could turn to religion too like so many other people on this planet who abuse their children and steal money from my roommates and spend their spare time telling everyone else that they are fucked up and make mistakes but suddenly if you agree to be a part of this organization all those fucked up things you do are suddenly absolved even if you keep on doing them because God forgives ALL. Very enlightening, very much what I'm looking for in life. I mean, I don't even have to think about what it means if someone else tells me everything is okay. Just sit back in mindlessness and I don't have to do shit because it requires no thought to feel better around God. Fuck that. Neither one will make me feel any better about myself than I already do. Not like that record will.

SOOOOOOOOO... I'm gonna keep looking for it, and though I tell myself I can get by without it I'm gonna look for someone to look for that record with too. Someone who understands how important that record is. They don't have to agree on what THAT RECORD is, either. We don't have to get married, we don't have to go to church and have kids and shit like that. Let everyone else who stands in my way when I look for that record and who make my life suck do that. We just have to enjoy hanging out with each other with a six pack of beer and a stack of new albums that just might contain that certain special collection of sound wavelengths. Maybe THAT RECORD is different for her. I don't care. As long as she understands THE SEARCH, which is what it's really all about when you get right down to it, then I'm okay.

Suddenly it all makes sense. Suddenly the one thing that makes Portland different from Eugene is in plain sight, in plain view. Suddenly, I feel like I have renewed purpose in life. Suddenly, I know what I'm going to do tomorrow and the day after. I look outside the window and realize the sun is shining and it's summertime. Of course! I always feel like this during this time of year.

I smile. Like I said, I think I'm going to like Portland.

(5/22/00)



Odds & Ends	by Austin Rich

Mondale:

Since most of this issue was about music, then it'll be no surprise that I want to mention Mondale *somewhere* in these pages.

As I've mentioned umpteen times before in person or in print, they are my favorite pop-punk band, and I'm not just saying that because all the members of Mondale are my best friends, or because at one point it looked as if I might have been in Mondale for a while, or because before I moved to Portland I had been to nearly every Mondale show except two, or even because they've written one song about me and one song about the Blitzhaus that mentions me and all my friends. I love Mondale for those reasons, *and* because when they play it makes me want to jump around and yell and scream and sing along and shake my funky little ass and have a good time, and if that's not what punk is about then I'd rather not have anything to do with it because *that's* what Mondale shows are all about: a good time.

Yeah, these guys are dorks, and that's why I LOVE them. They wear glasses, listen to Devo, do well in school, get picked on by jocks, know shit about sports, they're kinda pale and they are probably more comfortable in the computer lab working on a paper for their physics class than you ever were (unless you happen to fit the above description). But the secret truth behind it all, the truth only Mondale let's you know all about, is that when everyone else was out having a good time, thus not appreciating it and not paying attention to exactly what was going on, we were studying *how* to have a good time. At the end of the day, all we wanted to do is relax with a beer and try to pick up girls too. The only difference was that we had the power of nerd sex on our side, the most powerful sex mojo that exists. What other kind of people can impress girls with their math skills in pink plaid pants? And don't say it doesn't work and that it's a myth, because it has. Twice.

Right now I don't know the dates of any future shows, and since my relocation to Portland I have been sorely out of touch with the Mondale crew of Shawn (who moonlights in 9th Life, a really fuckin' great noiz-a-billy band), Chris (ex-Varicoasters, current-Mondale) & Ransom (who is a band virgin, so be gentle). But word round the campfire is that they have a home-made CD they will be making tapes from and if you want desperate updates on where, when, how, who, what, why and if then you should check out their website maintained by Ransom (address below), who is slightly more computer savvy than the others and who has written the most polite website I've ever seen in my life. Plus it's got all the lyrics to all their songs, so you can finally understand what he's saying in "Indie Rock Girl."

<http://www.teleport.com/~reckless/mondale/index.html>

(This site may move, but this address will forward you to the new location if it does.

So go and see Mondale if you're in Eugene, and if you desperately want to hear Mondale, write to me and I'll forward the message to the band and hopefully they can get a tape to you. In the meantime, KWVA (in Eugene) should still have "Attraction / Distraction" on rotation (last I heard they did) which is a great song about how when Ransom has sex he thinks about JavaScript. Hell Yeah.

Oh, I may be starting a Mondale fan club (with newsletters and everything) so if you're interested, send me suggestions about it.

* * * * *

Dollar Ramen Whore

For those of you who missed it, at the final Blitzhaus party The Ramen City Kid distributed copies of this 'zine, a collaborative effort between myself, himself and PBR (of Plasma Whore). It was sort of a party favor and had a lot of emo-rants about Eugene and what it means to us.

If you weren't there, it was one of the best memories I have of the Blitzhaus: about twenty people, all crouched around on the remaining crap that was strewn all about the living room, all reading 'zines and being surprizingly quite for a party that, about 20 minutes later, had the entire place packed to standing room only with Mondale rockin' out in the corner. It was so cute I wanted to cry.

The 'zine contains stuff written by all those mentioned above, plus a piece written by Ransom (of Mondale), Chris (also of Mondale) a communist manifesto by Captain Morgan (a Blitzhaus regular) and a cartoon by THE LORD OF DARKNESS himself, Kelly! Layout by The Ramen City Kid, and if anyone who didn't get one wants one, they are \$1.00 and available at this here address. End of plug.

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Speaking Of The Final Blitzhaus Party:

For those of you who were there, I want to thank you all again for dropping by. I never realized we had so many friends. For those of you who weren't there: we had the Blitzhaus giveaway (everyone was "enabled" to take anything they wanted that was in the living room in the house) then Mondale (xxx-ooo) rocked the house playing every single song they knew AND we didn't get harrassed by anyone for the noise... fuck yeah! The

house was at maximum capacity. Litterally, I could only see a sea of heads when I would look back from where I was (front and center). Adam, my trusty co-hort in crime, taped the entire endeavor on video so there may (if I can get them to agree) be a Blitzhaus Farewell video available in these pages. Plus The Ramen City Kid audio taped the whole thing so we might offer that too... who knows? It's all so vague and uncertain at this point...

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Other News:

There are quite a few projects in the works these days, and though the funding is quite minimal I will actually try to get to everything sooner or later. "Cathead: The 'Zine" (accompanied by "Cathead: The Tape") is one of them, along with the "Church Of Blasphuphmus (Not Jesus) Hour" tape (or at least the first tape in that series). I'd also like to get cracking on the compilation tape I've been trying to drum up interst in since issue #4, and recently Kiisu has been bugging me about a website he wants to get up and running. As these things develop and take shape, I will (more likely than not) plug them more and more.

In the meantime, contributions for text & collages and whatnot are still being accepted (not that anyone ever sends anything, but it's nice to plug the idea once in a while). Also, if anyone is interested in a project of their own they'd like to have wear the little A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Inc. logo, drop me a line. I'd like to try to get more into publishing and distribution while I'm still young and have the energy for it.

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Final Wrap-Up:

I really wanted this issue to be the story of the Blitzhaus. In the three years I called those four walls my home, a lot of shit went down. (Some of it was actually interesting!) At last count there were about 17 different tenants in that little four (sometimes five) bedroom house, plus numerous stragglers that were there every single night. I can't even count the number of parties and girl- / boy-friends we went through in the place, or how many shows where the after party was at our place, or how many times we thought The Ramen City Kid might have scored, or how many bodily fluids were thrown from various and sundry orifices of that damn house. We came pretty close to eviction a few times, but that's expected, right?

Anyway, I was going to collect all the stories and photographs and interviews and just sort of weave them all together into this all-encompassing story of our lives, but as I started working on it these other pieces I was writing to break away from the project (coupled with this aging stuff that I'd had lying around) were starting to poke their heads up at the most inconvenient times. When I looked at how much more I had to write about the Blitzhaus, versus how much I'd already written about other things, it became pretty easy to opt for the second choice.

Plus, it made perfect sense that right after I finished reading that fucking brilliant Lester Bangs book I'd do a whole issue of my 'zine all about music reviews and stuff. Go fig? Don't be surprised if you see more shit like that in these pages, as that book was really inspirational.

So the Blitzhaus project is on hold, for now. In the meantime, anyone who was there, anyone who has a story, anyone who cares and thinks they can shed new light on the whole thing is more than welcome to commit to paper their version of what really went down. After all, I was just the ringmaster. There were only so many nights that I could actually tell work to fuck off and drink into the wee hours. There's probably a good number of stories I don't even know!

Again, thank you everyone who's been there for me recently. It's been pretty crazy with the move and I may have stepped on a few toes while I was trying to get everything done. Oh well. The real friends will understand that I just needed to get my ass in gear. At least that's been the pattern so far. Take care.

--Austin Rich (5/23/00)

Next Issue: Album reviews, show reviews, slice-o-life stuff and more stuff about girls & the Blitzhaus.

Goodbye, Blitzhäus

I'd Buy That For A Dollar
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